

DECIDED NOT TO WORRY.

I've decided not to worry any more; And I'm livin' just as easy as before; What's the use of fume an' hurry? What's the use of worryin' me? I've decided not to worry any more.

Just go 'long an' allers mind your own affairs; Look for laughter an' for joy, an' not for tears; Keep a-grabbin' an' a-growin'; That's the way to live an' grow.

What's the use of bein' awake an' rack your brain? Just because the crops are thirsin' for a rain? 'Till come of it a-comin'; An' it's bein' to come a-hummin'.

In the same ol' way—don't worry any more. When you come to cross a hill that's hard to climb, Take it easy; rock along an' take your time; Try to keep the welkin ringin'; With your shovin' an' your stakin'; An' you'll clean fert to worry any more.

—Lawrence Fletcher, in Lippincott's Magazine.

What Black Mike Saw

By W. W. KINES

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

BECAUSE he was surly, the men called him "Black Mike" Rordan. Yet those who knew him best swore his heart was one of the kindest.

Whatever the verdict of others, it is convincing enough proof that he had his good side, in that Kittie Donoghue loved him better than all the world. They were to have been married just before Lent, and Black Mike wore his seal no more. Kittie was never strong and a cold just snuffed her life out, so Black Mike became blacker than ever before.

Some would have tried to comfort him, but his friend, Dan Meagher, who knew him better than any one else, said:

"Leave him be. He likes it best so."

And after a period of mourning, Black Mike, with a blacker soul than ever, came back to work on the Central division. There had never been but one love in his life, that for Kittie Donoghue, who was dead, but there was a sincere liking for young Dan Meagher, who had been his friend, and for engine 126, on which he had pulled the throttle.

With a silent hand-clasp Meagher welcomed him back, and he could feel that No. 126 was glad again to feel the touch of his hand at the throttle. So he climbed up on the right side of the engine and the Cannon Ball express pulled slowly out of the brilliantly lighted station, with its first stop 58 miles away, and 12 minutes of time to be made up in the worst storm and the blackest night of the year.

Rain came in sheets, driving before the heavy gusts of wind and beating against the glass sides of the cab as though it would drive them in. Even in the yards it took sharp whistles to make out the signal lights, but there was time to be made up, and even engineers have to take chances of the safety of their train in such an event. Schedule time is a sacred thing in the eyes of the men of the Central division.

On the whole, Black Mike was grateful to the storm. There was a wild tumult in it that struck a responsive note in his heart, where pain was eating like a live, mad thing, gnawing and rending. The Cannon Ball express has the right of way over everything, and only accidents can detain her.

The dozing operator at Mertonville was aroused as the Cannon Ball swept by, and walked to his instrument to report her as passed.

"M! M! M!" his station call, came over the wire, and when he signified that he was on hand, came the message from the chief train dispatcher:

"Flag express all hazards. Bridge down."

"Express passed before message received. Trying to report her when you cut in on wire," he answered.

There was no other station between Mertonville and the bridge over Benson river, so the chief dispatcher had done all in his power to prevent the impending catastrophe. Immediately upon receipt of a wire from the operator at Ordway, on the further side of the Benson river, he had wired to Mertonville in the vain attempt to stop the express. The dispatch from Ordway read:

"Track walker reports bridge down. Cannot get flag man across."

With quick, sharp orders, the dispatcher had a special message up to carry doctors and nurses to the scene of the accident he now regarded as inevitable. They were ready to start in an hour, and a wrecking train was only a few moments behind them.

Picturing the track in his own mind, the dispatcher could see no escape for the express. There is a sharp curve and a heavy cut just before the approach to the bridge, and with orders to make up lost time, Black Mike would be running at the utmost speed of which his engine was capable.

It was the fault of no one. Everyone had done his duty—but it is a horrible thing to sit impotently in a chair and feel that over a hundred people are approaching their death.

Darkness and storm around them, the beat of the rain against the windows of the cab, the sound of the noise of the engine, Black Mike and Dan were both trying to keep a sharp look out ahead of them.

For a little distance the headlight half penetrated the rain and darkness, which closed in black and impenetrable a hundred feet away.

Black Mike is not on his seat. He is

THE STOMACH IS THE MAN.

A weak stomach weakens the man, because it cannot transform the food he eats into nourishment. Health and strength cannot be restored to any sick man or weak woman without first restoring health and strength to the stomach. A weak stomach cannot digest enough food to feed the tissues and revive the tired and run down limbs and organs of the body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, cleanses and strengthens the glands and membranes of the stomach, and cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

standing on the swaying floor of the cab; one hand on the throttle, the other on the air brake, and the reverse lever resting in the crook of his right arm.

In the intervals of throwing in coal, Dan climbed to his seat on the left of the cab and pressed his face against the glass.

Neither can hope to make out a danger in time to stop the engine, but there is an undefinable fear in the hearts of both. It is the schooling of engineer and fireman to take things on trust, but to keep on the alert. The Cannon Ball has the right of way, and there is nothing to fear except some accident to the track.

Of a sudden, Meagher looks across to see Black Mike with his face pressed against the glass. It is not the position of the engineer that arrests and fixes his attention, but it is the expression on his face. The face is as white as a sheet through the grime of coal and perspiration, and his eyes are blazing with a light that seems perilously akin to madness.

"See, lad! Look!" says Black Mike in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

But from his own side of the cab, the fireman can make out nothing save clouds of rain which drive across the path of light in front of the locomotive.

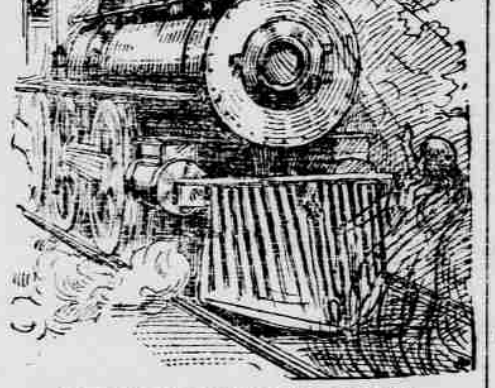
"I see nothing, Mike," says Meagher.

"Just look ahead, lad, moving with us, the shadow on the track. Look, lad, look, and for God's sake tell me what it is!"

"Rain drops on the glass of the headlight, Mike; that is all."

"No, may, lad! Look! It beckons us to stop. By the Mother of God, 'tis the wraith of Kittie Donoghue."

Releasing his hold upon the throttle, Black Mike throws the reverse lever over



"IT BECKONS US TO STOP."

as far as it will go, and tugs at the air brake with all his strength. It is all done with one motion and, despite her tremendous weight and momentum, the express comes to a halt within a few yards. The jar breaks the glass in the cab, throws the fireman to the floor, and shakes up every one in the train.

Trembling as though from a chill, they carry Black Mike to one of the coaches and endeavor to make him swallow stimulants. To gratify what they think is a whim, they send a brakeman on ahead with a lantern, and discover that they have come to a stop within a hundred yards of the foaming Benson river, and that of the bridge there is nothing left but the pillars.

"'Twas Kittie, who wanted to save the passengers and to give me warning," said Black Mike, and in this belief he persisted. He would not take out another engine, and died within a week of heart disease.

"The engineer of an express train is particularly liable to the attacks of heart disease," said the company's doctor.

But Dan Meagher, who has an engine of his own now, never passes the spot where the Cannon Ball was brought to so sudden a halt without crossing himself, unostentatiously and in all reverence.

COPPER WITH A HISTORY.

Cent That Was Used to Determine the Name of the Metropolis of Oregon.

F. W. Pettigrove, son of F. W. Pettigrove, one of the founders of Portland and the man who named the city, has in his possession the copper cent with which his father won the right to select the name. He is a commercial traveler for a San Francisco house and naturally sets great store by this cent, which he has shown to many here on his visits to this city, says the Portland Oregonian. Some of his friends have besought him to turn this cent over to the Oregon Historical society to be preserved, but he has not been able to make up his mind to do this. George H. Himes, secretary of the society, has been advised to wrestle with Mr. Pettigrove, and it is not unlikely that he may succeed in securing this historical coin. Mr. Pettigrove has also in his possession the Bible used on the occasion of the first sermon ever preached in Portland, which with the cent was presented to him by his father as a keepsake.

It was in the summer of 1845 that A. L. Lovejoy and F. W. Pettigrove, who owned the claim on which Portland was located, employed Thomas A. Brown to survey their property and lay it off into streets, blocks and lots, and when he had completed the plat the proprietors undertook to choose a name for the newly born city. Mr. Lovejoy desired that it be called Boston in honor of the capital of his native state. Mr. Pettigrove contended that Portland was more appropriate, as it was at the head of navigation and the port where would land all the freight intended for the valley of the Willamette and all the southern produce of the territory. In order to decide the question it was proposed by Mr. Pettigrove to toss a copper cent, which he had brought with him as a souvenir of his eastern home. This was agreed to by Mr. Lovejoy. The cent was tossed and Mr. Pettigrove was adopted as the name of the embryo city.

FROM 118 TO 92 POUNDS.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 118 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

DO YOU NEED A MEDICINE?

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE.

There is no one who does not need a Liver Medicine occasionally. The symptoms of Liver Complaint are well known to every one, such as constipation, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, headache, a tired feeling and many others of a similar nature.

Thousands die annually by not heeding the warnings of nature.

Many acquire some chronic disease from which they never recover. Many of these could be spared for years of usefulness, by keeping in the home some reliable remedy.

We believe that we can convince any fair-minded person that there is no better remedy for Liver trouble, known, than Dr. Thatcher's Liver and Blood Syrup.

The formula is known, consisting of: Buchu, Hydrangea, Mandrake, Yellow Dock, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Gentian, Senna and Jodide of Potassium. You know just what you are taking. How many other formulas of a liver medicine are published? Ask your druggist about this. It is already prepared and can be taken immediately.

The strength is extracted in the most skillful manner, certainly superior to any powdered preparation known. (We also manufacture a Liver Medicine in powder form, with which any druggist can supply you, but this, like all other dry Liver Medicines requires preparation.)

Dr. Thatcher's Liver and Blood Syrup is pleasant to take, does not lose its strength, as Liver Medicine in dry form, and will keep in any climate.

Your doctor, however skillful, could prescribe nothing better. There is no opportunity for a doctor to make a mistake in writing a prescription, or a druggist to make a mistake in compounding the same, (besides a doctor's bill and the cost of the medicine.) You can be absolutely sure of the proper proportion being in every dose.

Dr. Thatcher's Liver and Blood Syrup has been used with the greatest confidence and success in thousands of homes for 52 years, and is prepared by a pharmacist of 25 years' experience, in a laboratory equipped with the most modern appliances for the most perfect safety.

If you do not understand your case, write today for a Free sample bottle and "Dr. Thatcher's Health Book." Give symptoms for advice. We simply ask you to try it at our expense. We know what it will do.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 50 cents and \$1.00.

THACHER MEDICINE CO. Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Man Shot.

Saltfield Herald.

Marshall Howell, who lives about three miles south of Princeton was shot last Monday morning while looking after his hogs. The gun was fired in a small place of woods and he says Joseph and Hardy Pierce are the men he saw as soon as the shooting was done. The gun was loaded with buck shot. One of them entered one of his eyes and went through his head. Another struck his breast and went through his body. He was still alive when last heard from but was not expected to live. It is said that the parties are all blockaders and have not been friendly for about four years. The Pears are here in jail to await a trial.

Mary—Sponge the pimples with warm water. You need a blood tonic, would advise you to take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It drives away all eruptions. 35 cents. Tea or tablet form. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Eight years and four years ago when a Populist was spoken of by a Republican newspaper he was either a "crank" or an "anarchist," or an "idiot." But this year it happens that the Republican have agreed to finance the Watson & Tibbles campaign and it is not regarded as becoming to abuse an ally. —Winchester Democrat.

A STITCH IN TIME.

This old adage applies to disease as well as to dress. One dose of Rydale's Elixir will arrest a cold or an attack of Pneumonia or LaGrippe and prevent their development. Keep a bottle of Rydale's Elixir in the house, so the "stitch" can be taken in "time." E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Results of the British Tibetan expedition justify the original comments of thereon in these columns. The Russian plot to make Tibet a base of attack on India has come to naught and with the approval of China, the British become the protector of the Buddhists instead of Russia. —Brooklyn Citizen.

Westward the orb of glory takes its way, Wisconsin is the state you hear everybody say, It's made itself famous by one great stride. Rocky Mountain Tea has made its name world-wide. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

However it be explained, the disaffection, bordering on revolt, in Panama toward the United States, is highly creditable to the Administration. There is nothing gained by "shaking the big stick," even at a little fellow, as Russia has found out. —Brooklyn Citizen.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

Has world-wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Fels, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infalible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggists.

Sign Painter—I don't see any suitable vacant space on your walls. Where do you want the motto, "Terms Strictly Cash," painted? Barber Soap Proprietor—On the ceiling, of course. Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher

TO TEST FOOD CONSUMPTION.

Sheffield Scientific School Will Experiment on Twenty Regular Army Soldiers.

A squad of volunteers from the United States army at Washington recently arrived in New Haven, Conn., to subject themselves to experiments by Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific school, who will try to demonstrate that the American people eat too much.

In discussing the plan Prof. Chittenden said: "Through the courtesy of Secretary Root and Surgeon General O'Reilly, of the army, the war department will cooperate with the Sheffield laboratory in a physiological study of the minimum amount of protein and albuminous food required for the maintenance of health and strength under ordinary conditions of life."

The scientific school has fitted up a house where the men will be housed and cared for during the period of the experiments—doubtless for about nine months.

"In this study there are no special theories involved and no special system of dietetics, but the object especially aimed at is to ascertain experimentally whether physiological economy in diet cannot be practiced with distinct benefit to the body and without loss of strength and vigor."

"There is apparently no question that people ordinarily consume much more food than there is any real necessity for, and that this excess of food is in the long run detrimental to health and defeats the very objects aimed at. It is with a view to gather as many facts as possible on this subject that the study is undertaken."

"The investigation is merely a continuation on a large scale of earlier observations made in the Sheffield Scientific school last year and bears directly upon the question of a possible physiological economy in nutrition."

CAVE FULL OF SKELETONS.

Groswome Discovery by Explorers in Cavern in the Mountains of West Virginia.

Prominent among the many landmarks in West Virginia is what is known far and near as the Bandits' cave, situated in a desolate spot in the mountains of Randolph county. This was once the abode of the fiercest band of outlaws that ever infested the southern states.

The history of the place is well known to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, but it was not fully explored until recently, when several men who had no faith in the wild stories circulated went into it.

Surrounding the cave, which begins with a hole probably 20 feet in diameter, were discovered many traces of life. Several rusty knives and flintlock carbines were found strewn about the entrance, besides long metal pipes, chains, copper vessels of various shapes and other implements suggestive of the wild life of those who once inhabited the cave.

On entering, which they did by means of a cable ladder, the explorers found themselves in a long hall which led to different compartments.

It was decided to send two men of the party to follow each passage and make what discoveries they could; and it was agreed to meet at the entrance after exploration. They reasoned that the cave extended for several hundred feet in every direction.

Then came startling discoveries. Skeletons of human beings were found, some in the position they occupied when death claimed their souls. On some of the withered frames hung bits of clothing not yet rotted from them or torn away by the wild beasts, evidence of which was discovered by their bleaching skeletons, piled one upon another.

PROHIBITS SONG IN CHURCH.

Minister at Racine, Wis., Causes a Sensation by Interrupting Singing of "Ave Maria."

Rev. George Murray Colville caused a sensation in the First Presbyterian church at Racine, Wis., on a recent Sunday evening by interrupting the singing of "Ave Maria" by Miss Susie Roberts, the soprano soloist of the church. Lifting his hands, Mr. Colville said: "I beg your pardon, but I cannot allow that song to be sung in this church."

Miss Roberts had sung about one-third of the song when she was stopped by the minister, and she at once picked up her wraps and left the church.

The other members of the choir and congregation were surprised at the action, which they could not at first understand. It was learned that some weeks ago Miss Roberts sang the same song and was informed by the minister that although he thought the music beautiful he did not believe that the words were appropriate to be sung in a Protestant church.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For blind, bleeding, itching, protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases, DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

President Alderman welcomed to the University of Virginia on its first day a larger number of matriculates than ever before in its history. In the number was a son of Richard Croker and a son of John Sharp Williams. They will educate democrats in Jefferson's college. —News and Observer.

HAS SOLD A PILE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for more than twenty years and it has given entire satisfaction. I have sold a pile of it and can recommend it highly. —JOSEPH McLENNAN, Linton Iowa. You will find this remedy a good friend when troubled with a cough or cold. It always affords quick relief and is pleasant to take. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's Drug Store, Hobgood.

The Last Inn.

Theodore Roberts.

Some day I'll come to that still place And bid the vinner smooth my bed. No hurry of departure there— No waking when the morn is red.

The same kind trees will sing to me Day after day, night after night; The wind that wanders in the grass Will bring no tidings of the fight.

From that still Hostelry of Rest I'll mark the seasons pass along, And clean forget the things unwon— The pain of unfinished song.

No man will come when dawn is chill (The false hopes of my dreams to break) To tell me that the horses wait Or of some bet that I must take.

Night will not find me journeying (Where pallid roads in dusk are set) On some fool's errand down the world— Hag ridden by an old regret.

Noon will not find me blustering About the ante-room of kings— A meddler, caring not what comes But junketing with many things.

Some day I'll turn my horse's head To that still Hostelry of Rest, And yet no more the South and North With matters of the East and West.

Mrs. C. H. Jennings, Boston—"Our babies (twins) were sickly. Had several doctors, but no results. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea made them strong and robust." 35 cents. Tea or tablet form. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

First Flat Dweller—"Why is it that Showoff's wife cries on me for dinner every day now?" Second Flat Dweller—"I think they want to make the rest of us believe they have beefsteak on the other side."—Houston Chronicle.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Elliott's Emulsified Oil Liniment has made a remarkable record as a cure for stiffness of muscle and joints. It matters not whether the trouble was caused by a sprain or strain, rheumatism or other causes. It will relieve the soreness and pain at once and soon reduce the swelling and remove the stiffness. Every bottle is guaranteed. Full half pint bottle 25 cents. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

"Have a care, madam," said Mr. Meeker, summoning up a little courage. "The worm will turn!" "Did you ever know the worm to hurt anybody when it turned?" calmly asked his wife.—Stray Stories.

EMERGENCY MEDICINES.

It is a great convenience to have at hand reliable remedies for use in cases of accident and for slight injuries and ailments. A good liniment and one that is fast becoming a favorite, if not a household necessity, is Chamberlain's Pain Balm. By applying it promptly to a cut, bruise or burn it always the pain and causes the injury to heal in about one-third of the time usually required, and as it is an antiseptic it prevents any danger of blood poisoning. When Pain Balm is kept at hand a sprain may be treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a quick recovery. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's Drug Store, Hobgood.

Miss Summers—"Where's Maude?" Mr. Summers—"Out fishing." Mrs. Summers—"What! Why I saw her just a few moments ago on the prob with these young men." "Mr. Summers—"Yes, she's fishing for compliments."—Philadelphia Press.

IN PRAISE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

"Allow me to give you a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mr. John Hamlett, of Eagle Pass, Texas. "I suffered one week with bowel trouble and took all kinds of medicines without getting any relief, when my friend, Mr. C. Johnson, a merchant here, advised me to take this remedy. After taking one dose I felt greatly relieved and when I had taken the third dose was entirely cured. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for putting this great remedy in the hands of mankind." For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's Drug Store, Hobgood.

Binks—"I see that the law gravitation has been repealed." Jinks—"What are you talking about? Who could repeal it?" Binks—"The Beef Trust. Although the strike is over it has decided that what has gone up shall not come down."

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion offers an easy way out of the difficulty. Child weakness often means starvation, not because of lack of food, but because the food does not feed.

Scott's Emulsion really feeds and gives the child growing strength.

Whatever the cause of weakness and failure to grow—Scott's Emulsion seems to find it and set the matter right.

Scott's Emulsion, 50¢ per bottle. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's Drug Store, Hobgood.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Williams, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other dangerous substance. Its age is its guarantee. It cures Colic, Wind, Flatulency, Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

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Spring Flexible Disc Harrow

Only Harrow in the world with independent adjustable spring pressure upon inner ends of disc gangs. Any amount of pressure thrown on these inner ends by foot. Ball-bearing. Works uneven ground. All sizes at proportionate prices.



Seasonable Implements of the latest style, always up-to-date. Possibly you are now or will soon need a Corn Sheller, Feed Cutter, Disc Plow. You can get our Catalogue by asking.

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